



This is Hell



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Chapter 1 by Jack Frost

My grandfather was a chronic gambler. He never did an honest day's work in his life. Instead, he traveled all across the country, roving from one gambling den to another. Sometimes he won, sometimes he just broke even, but most of the time he lost.

Of course the family was very poor and never had enough to eat. My grandmother worked in the fields and barely earned enough to keep her children alive.

My grandfather was a violent and brutal man and he had bad reputation. Those who knew him called him "The Snake" because he couldn't be trusted. Perhaps it was due to his nickname that he decided to get a tattoo of a large serpent on his back.

Gambling was my grandfather's entire life and he had little time for his family. The only time his children ever saw him was when he came home now and then between gambling sessions. Whenever my father and his sister saw him coming down the road that led to their house, they would rush out to greet him.

If he had been on a big winning streak, he would come back dressed in fine clothes and carrying

a huge bag on his back. It would be stuffed with presents for his family. There was food, new clothes and sometimes even toys. When he opened their presents, he would show them the wads of cash he had won.

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However, more often than not, he would return having lost all his money. On those occasions, he staggered down the road in ragged clothing, looking like a pitiful zombie and smelling like a homeless person.

Whenever he returned after a losing streak, he would be incredibly depressed and angry. He always got drunk and would often beat my grandmother in front of her children. The family lived in fear of him.

In a drunken stupor, he would hurl abuse at his wife and kids. Many times, he told my father and his sister that he wished they had never been born. As time went on, his behavior grew worse and they began to hate him more and more.

One dark Winter's night, as the snow was falling outside, my grandfather got into a dispute with some other gamblers. They accused him of cheating and a fight broke out. My grandfather pulled out a knife and the other men drew their swords.

It was three against one and even though my grandfather was a strong and hardy man, he didn't stand a chance. he managed to wound two of them, but the third took him by surprise and slashed him right across the middle with his sword, slicing my grandfather in two.

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